

2 42V8 43 GEE AITCH 43

No. 52. General Hospital No. 43, Hampton, Va. Saturday, July 5, 1919

Infantrymen of Stuart Battle on Local Field Today

MUSICAL COMEDY AT THEATRE.

On Thursday evening the Frank Newman Co. played to a crowded house at the local theatre. Mr. Newman and his two fellow comedians, assisted by a chorus of six pretty girls, won several encores from the enthusiastic audience. "Mood Lumps" a musical comedy, was well received.

JUST A SUGGESTION.

Do you mail the Gee Aitch 43 to your friends? They would probably appreciate receiving a copy along with your letter.

INTERNATIONAL SCORES ANNOUNCED.

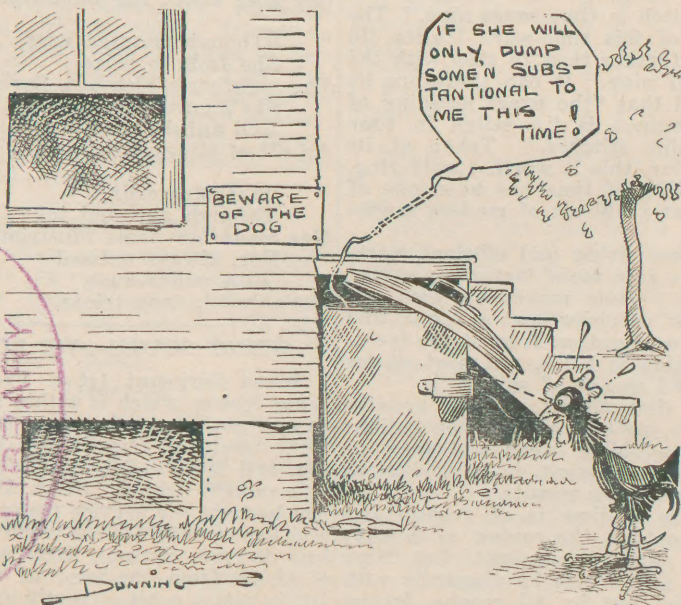
Baseball fans may now call at the Post Y. M. C. A. each evening at 7:30, and obtain the baseball scores of the teams playing in the National and American Leagues. These are posted in a conspicuous place. This initiative of our own "Hut" is appreciated.

VAMP PHRASES:

"My! But that's nice—I wish you would."

THE G. I. CAN

By Dunning



ARMY
MEDICAL
APR 10 1940

GEE AITCH 43

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and devoted to the interests of
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ton, Va.

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commanding officer.
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Reporter.....Corp. W. W. Shankweiler

Officer of the Day:

Lieut. Phillips.

Saturday, July 5, 1919.

"A stitch in time saves nine." The author of this time-worn truism did not go further than to stop with the numeral nine. It can therefore be assumed that "the exact meaning of his utterance is "A stitch in time saves nine stitches." Taken at its face value, this is worth considering. The saving of time has been one of the great problems of modern engineers.

Efficient living and efficient working have as a main factor the saving of time. Time moves by with unalterable precision and cadence, and if we would gather from it the treasures which it holds, we must devise ways and means of saving it.

The time-saving way is usually also the method of easy operation; besides avoiding wear and tear on the human element, it is productive of far reaching results.

Saving of time is of greater importance than the saving of money; money can be regained, lost time never. Let us not be niggardly with our time, but by all means, let us save it in useful work, productive thinking, or recreative pleasure.

Wise words and noble deeds in life will prolong your name and fame after death.

* * *

The men whom I have seen succeed best in life have always been cheerful and hopeful men, who went about their business with a smile on their faces and took chances and changes of this mortal life like men, facing rough and smooth alike as it came;; and so found the truth of the old proverb, that good times and bad times and all times pass over.—Charles Kingsley.

* * *

One of the most potent factors in our life that tends to make it a failure or a success is the degree of industriousness found in our make-up. We can all draw a lesson from Arthur Guiterman's "The Life of the Bee".

"The Bee's a frump
Her form is plump
And clothed in velvet fuzziness;
When days are bright,
In busy flight
She goes about her buzziness.

"Though counted wise,
She fails to prize
The weather's pleasant Springiness;
She's quite morose
And aful close!—
An elf of stingy stinginess.

"Yet Maeterlinck
Through pen and ink
Has made her name illustrious,
For, always mused
With pollen-dust,
She's dustily industrious."

GOING SOUTH—WE LOSE.

When Sergeant 1st c. Fred Durrance leaves, which is within the next day or so, a real figure in a mighty large circle of friends will be missing, and the loss felt keenly by those who remain behind. Sergt. Durrance has been in the service many months and leaves with a clean record. Much luck to you, Sarge. Drop us a line o' cheer from the land of the soft trade winds, a bit o' soothing balsam of Florida, or a ruddy sun-kissed peach from Georgia.

OBEYING LINCOLN'S ORDERS.

Lincoln on a bitter winter's night walked from the White House to the War Department and found a sentry on duty outside the door.

"My son! You've got a cold job tonight. Step inside and stand guard there!"

"My orders, Sir, keep me out here."

"Yes, but your duty can be performed just as well inside!"

"I have been stationed outside, Sir!" replied the sentry and resumed his patrol.

"Halt!" said Lincoln. "It has just occurred to me that I am Commander-in-Chief of the Army and I order you inside."

PROTESTANT SERVICES SUNDAY

"The Swimming Iron" is the title of the sermon that Captain Robertson will deliver from the pulpit Sunday morning, July 6th. Everybody is welcome to attend.

PHILADELPHIAN POST VISITOR.

Miss Marie Alexander, Philadelphia, Pa., who is visiting friends in Newport News, was the guest of Sergeant 1st c. Gray, on the Post, yesterday. Miss Alexander expects to visit in this community until Sunday, when she will return home. Meanwhile Gray's smile is broader than ever, and—why not?

BASEBALL TODAY.

This afternoon, weather permitting, the strong aggregation, 12th Infantry baseball team of Camp Stuart will lock horns with the dauntless local nine. Everybody out! Cheer! Boost!

Tomorrow

the Locals mix with the Gobs or Naval Transport team of Newport News. A strong bunch and hard to beat. But let's do it, anyway.

MOVIES TONIGHT.

Though Ezra says: "It isn't in the History," we positively declare that a Moving Picture show is the order of the evening at the Post Theatre. Come all.

LOCALS STEP A MERRY PACE.

And grind the Policemen of Newport News into the dust. It happened Wednesday afternoon (scorer lost the records, and found 'em) on the local diamond and in only 7 innings. Stauffer did the pitching in nice shape, and is getting that obstinate arm back in form. He allowed only 4 hits. Catcher McCarthy's whip was in trip-hammer working order and every Cop that tried to sneak second, had the pleasant experience of walking off the field with his hopes of a score blasted entirely. Otis did a clever bunt act, scoring Widmeyer from 2nd, and beating out the bunt to first for a safety. Heavy stick work by the local men was a feature of the game. Rest your lamps on the records, which show some mighty high averages.

Post Team:

	Ab	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Widmeyer, lf.	5	1	0	1	1	1
B. Knode, 1b.	4	2	2	7	1	0
Otis, 2b.	4	1	2	6	1	0
McCarthy, c.	2	2	1	3	2	0
Ziegler, ss.	3	2	1	1	4	0
Long, rf.	2	3	2	2	0	0
Novick, cf.	3	1	1	1	0	0
J. Knode, 3b.	4	0	2	0	0	0
Stauffer, p.	3	1	1	0	1	0

Totals,	30	13	12	21	10	1
M. P.'s	0	0	0	0	0	2
Post Team	0	2	0	2	3	6

Summary: two-base hits, J. Knode, Novick, Stauffer; three-base hits, Ziegler. Hits of Stauffer, 4. Stolen bases, McCarthy, 2; Otis. Struck out by Stauffer, 3. Umpire, Serene.

TRIED SOME OF MOTHER'S OR WIFEY'S COOKING.

R. S. Tishner, Cook, Med. Dept., has returned from a brief visit to his home. Wonder if his folks let him try army style cooking for them a meal or so. If so, Tishner, old wagon you'd best wire inquiries home to ascertain if they all survive. You see, you couldn't guarantee digestion and "danger past" till a week or so is up. Eh! what? Of course, it isn't all as bad as that, "certaintellnot!"

COLORED MEN'S DANCE.

The colored men and their lady friends had a very pleasant evening of dancing on Thursday, at the Red Cross Convalescent House. The floor was well filled with merry couples, who danced to popular strains played by the Post orchestra.

LT. BECK AND FAMILY TO LEAVE.

Another of our old members of the Post and his family are soon to take their departure from our midst and rejoin civilian circles. Lt. and Mrs. Beck and their daughter will embark homeward as soon as Lt. Beck receives his release. During their long stay on the Post they have accrued many friendships, and it is scarcely necessary to mention that the many friends remaining will keenly feel the gap in Post circles, created upon their departure. A kind good-bye and sincere and best wishes from the Post our parting word to you, Lt. Beck and Mrs. Beck and Miss Beck.

WELLS IN AEROPLANE.

Yes, the old Dame came around and left a little note stating that Lt. Wells had made a flight in a plane. Yes, says Rumor, he went up—exactly that, “all up” and with his rise, something else **came up** besides the pilot and plane. Must have been his heart—up in his throat. No, says the dame, ’twas not his heart. ? ? ?

YOUTH WILL HAVE ITS FLING.

“In the Spring a young man’s fancy lightly turns to thots of love.” In the army not all the picturesque and the wild are present, and spring has already passed its last birthday and is budding fully blossomed in the summer air. But none is so sweet as the late summer rose, and “any old port in a storm” is the philosophy of one Private Baker, night ward man who it is said neglects his duties to play with fire. Can one doubt it?

“GET ’EM WHILE THEY’RE HOT”

The new short order restaurant is speedily nearing completion and it is “only a matter of hours” before you can step up to the counter, repose comfortably in a chair at a table and call out for your “Ham and—” and have the great prized products of Armour & Co. or Swift & Co. served up to you nice ’n hot ’n everything.

Nice **hot** cakes, really **HOT**; honest to goodness steak, rare, medium or well “burned up” and coffee, yes, **COFFEE**, the kind that will make your nostrils swell out like a balloon, and make you dream of home and mother’s table. O! yes, the place will be **THE MOST POPULAR CORNER** on the reservation. **Food** won the war, to a great extent, they say; it will win on general principles anywhere.

The nice new serving counters are all polished and shining, the kitchen equipment is being installed, and the raw meat will be the next addition, **SO**

Polish up the Handle on the Front Door

for we are going to eat a good and plenty next week. Watch for opening announcement.

PERSONAL JABS.

(Contributed.)

Sgt. 1st c. Fenzl found a **DEAD SOLDIER** in his bed one night this week, so we are informed. What sort of **LABEL** did it have, Sarge, we ask you?

—o—

Hospital Sgt. Ernest not being able to make a success of dancing, it is said, has now taken up Lawn Tennis. “40 Love, Sarge.”

—o—

Sgt. Emerson has just found out that his dad owns a hotel in Baltimore. Girls, just ask him about it. Speak gently.

—o—

It is rumored that Ezra Shiplett was “shell-shocked” at the battle of Old Soldiers’ Home. Is it true, Ezra? And how come! they can’t quit kidding you?